

## OUR MORNING SERMON

## THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

By WILLIAM E. HARMON,  
President Newspaper Sermon As-  
sociation, Boston, Mass.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke II:10.

In an olive grove on the Bethlehem plain stands a little chapel known by the name of "The Angels to the Shepherds." It marks the traditional site of the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks on that first Christmas night, when "the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." There, to the wondering ears of these lowly men, first came the strange message which was to be to all people glad tidings of great joy: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

It is this momentous event which the Christian world is celebrating today—the coming of the Christ child into our earthly life. This is why we engage in such a festival of joyousness as comes but once a year, and it would be hard to find a person in our whole land whose life is not more or less brightened by the spirit which moves through all things at this Christmas time. Many people may have but little idea of the highest and truest meaning of the day, but they cannot help partaking of the magnetic current of life and joy which sweeps through the civilized world on this day of days.

The spirit of Christmas is certainly joy. That strange intangible something which comes into our lives for a few moments at a time—comes to the most of us too rarely—leaves us all too soon. Joy is fleeting—probably the most ephemeral of all our emotions, and yet the best day of the year is given to its celebration. And why? Is it not because, while so fleeting, it represents the highest point to which the human spirit can attain? And may I tell you, that the joy which comes to us at this time is a way by which even the most precious of God's good gifts can be ours today?

Joy seems to me to be the blossoming out, the fulfillment of perfect peace. Peace is the certain fruit of perfect love. And while, like most emotions, we cannot command joy to come to us, yet in controlling our actions we can command peace, and out of peace will come the longed-for joy.

"On earth as it is in heaven," sang the herald angels over Bethlehem's fields. The Christ child came into the world to show us the meaning of perfect love. No person who ever lived held within himself such a wonderful, ever-renewing fountain of love freely open to the whole world, as did this little heir of the manger. Even while growing up into manhood, though history tells us little of his younger years, we know that such a character must have been an ever-living inspiration to all with whom it came in contact.

I often try to imagine just how much Jesus knew in these younger days of the wonderful power within him, or whether he knew it at all; but we must always feel that at any rate his life was so delicately adjusted to the harmonies of nature that even if it did not realize itself, all those who came into touch with it must have realized a sense of the presence of something different from ordinary man. If, as many think, Christ began to realize his mission only as he passed into manhood, we can imagine the wonderful, overwhelming sense of love which rose as he recognized the heart-poverty of all the world, which was apparently without his gift.

Love seems such a small thing, and yet rightly understood it is the moving force in creation. We sometimes wonder why joy is so infrequent with us; but if we realize how rarely our lives were filled with that sweet, unselfish love which Jesus gave to the world the question would never repeat itself. We should see before us the reason of our unhappiness, and its solution as well.

If we only knew how easy it is to love others! Many will differ from this statement, but that is only because they love themselves. Take selfishness out of consideration. Even though you do not believe that unselfishness will bring any reward, or any return, just make self out of the question and substitute therefor some sort of a love—the love of a pet, of a child, of a father or mother—let it be perfectly unselfish, and see how quickly a sense of peace, even though sometimes mingled with sorrow at love unrecognized, but always peace, will creep into your life. Sometimes it will seem so strong and overwhelming that the very fountains of the deep appear to be opened, and the peace of God floods your soul! And then you will begin to see that this is the solution of life—begin to see that out of love only comes peace! We will realize that no matter how much the thing we do may apparently help ourselves, when it is done for that purpose, the reward is dearly bought. And on the other hand we shall see that an act done for another, no matter how small it may be, if from a pure and sincere motive, will bring a sense of peace far out of proportion to the magnitude of the act.

I know a thousand and one thoughts come up against this theory of life. The ingratitudes of others, impulses of a strong nature, gratification of appetite, all influence us, and at times with considerable force, in the other direction; but as we grow older we will realize that attention to these things is the source of all trouble. We were not put here to look after ourselves, but after our neighbors. Love conquers all things. Every act of life which can be accomplished through force can be accomplished, and far more easily, through love, and the day is coming when the whole world will be nothing but a world of love. But until that time comes let us each endeavor to do everything in our power to hasten it.

Let each of us think, as often in each day as it is possible, of some little act of kindness, some little deed of charity, nothing big, nothing much, some little kindly attention which we may bestow upon some one. We are so apt to want to wait for big things. We so often say how readily we could sacrifice ourselves if it would save an army, or a city, or a ship. What does the ship amount to beside a human soul? And not once in a lifetime, but a dozen times a day do we all have the opportunity of saving a human soul. Not saving it once, but saving it over and over again. Saving it an hour of gladness.

If we could only realize how unlimited are our opportunities for doing Christ's work here on earth each heart would beat with joy, and tears would fill our eyes at the wonderful goodness of God in making our lives a part of just the kind of a world he has put us in. Don't wait for the big things! The little things are the ones that go to make up character. And if we have kept on for a long time earnestly and conscientiously doing the little acts of kindness, the little neighborly courtesies, and a great opportunity comes it will find us, like the wise virgins, with our lamps lighted, our souls disciplined to duty and to love, and we shall see that even in this long past life of ours has been a part of the preparation for the great event which does save an army, a city, or a people.

Christ came to teach the everlasting capacity and power and boundlessness of love. Love your neighbor. Love your enemy. Love them that hate you. Let the very purpose of your existence be recognized by your friends as a dominating example of unselfishness and devotion to this great law. Peace will then abound in you. Peace will come to you like a garment, and wrap itself about you. Even in the deepest sorrows of life, sweet peace will come in and soften the aching heart. It will become your companion, and at last it will become yourself.

And then as a child—as a product of itself—will be born unto you joy, the highest of God's privileges, the thing all men seek and so many fail to find. And with its birth will come one beautiful, all-complete, ever-present Christmas celebration.

## THE NEWS OF PRESCOTT

Prescott, Dec. 24.—(Special correspondence of The Republican.)—A well selected program given by pupils of St. Joseph's academy, followed with distribution of presents from the Christmas tree, was an attractive event at the Catholic church Thursday evening.

The Choral society has adjourned until after the holidays. The "Black Serenaders," a company of ebony-hued overland minstrels, appeared in A. J. Head's new hall Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

The Prescott band is now a thing of the past. A number of the musicians, are basking in the glory of a winter's summer sun in Phoenix, while the leader is in Jerome.

The body of the late Frank Morrell was received at the depot Tuesday evening by the local orders of Red Men and Foresters under whose direction the remains were laid to rest in the family burial place.

The public schools closed yesterday and January 2. In order that the teachers may attend the institute at Phoenix. Special exercises were held in all departments in the afternoon including a Christmas tree for the kindergartners.

Rees M. Ling has filed his bond of \$2,000 as district attorney with A. J. Head and J. W. Wilson as sureties.

The Woodmen Circle will entertain next Thursday evening with a program and dance.

Charles B. Brown, foreman of the Crowned King mine, and Miss Susie Puntney were married Tuesday evening.

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ing at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. C. K. Jennings. The happy couple left on Friday's train on an extended wedding tour.

Judge J. M. Sanford, one of the founders of Prescott, came in from Williams Tuesday for a short visit.

Land Office Inspector A. H. Burke of Washington, D. C., is in the city. Attorney J. B. Morrison is spending the holidays at his old home in Albuquerque.

Have you been vaccinated? Is the prevalent question. A telegram from Sheriff Ruffner, dated at Colville, Wash., states that he has arrested Ezra Barnes, who it is believed killed Henry Hanna near Prescott last October and buried the body in a brush heap. Barnes and Hanna were in the wood business together. Sheriff Ruffner is on his way home with the prisoner.

Midnight mass was celebrated in the Catholic church last evening. A Christmas tree at the M. E. church last evening made many a little one happy.

Mrs. L. H. Brown, aged 21 years, died in this city Thursday of spinal meningitis. She came to Prescott recently with her husband, who worked in the Little Joe mine.

T. E. Burns, band sergeant of the Eleventh infantry and a member of Prescott lodge I. O. O. F., died at Fort Monroe, Va., December 16. He was well and favorably known.

The dance of the season was given at Baker's hall last Wednesday evening. It was participated in by many of Prescott's prominent young people. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hazeltine, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dake, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayless, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wrasche, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Akers, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Treadwell, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead of Erie, Pa., Mesdames Gibbs, Wright, Winn, Lamoreaux, Miss G. W. Middleton of Denver, Misses Sibley, Scarborough, Bethune, Criley, Games, Hatz, Roberts, the Misses Gould, the Misses Wright, Messrs. Cruise, Burmeister, Brandon, Frantz, Barnhart, Carter, Badger, Griggs, Moore, Hendon, Hanson, Stray, Stockton, Bethune, George Middleton of Chicago. The music was furnished by Prof. Gallick's orchestra, a new organization, that played excellent dance music. The party was a marked success in every respect.

TOY LIKE WILLI GILSTRAP.

MAY BE THROWN OUT.

Collusion to Secure the Divorce Angers Rhode Island Folk.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 24.—Oliver Sumner Teall's statement today to the effect that the details regarding the procuring of a divorce by his wife had been mutually arranged between the parties interested caused a deal of comment here today. The coming of persons from New York and elsewhere than this state for the purpose of procuring a divorce is quite a frequent as to excite unfavorable comment.

Rhode Island has no desire to rival North Dakota, and the good citizens of the state are beginning to believe that New York is a convenient place for them to rid themselves of their marriage ties. Mr. Teall's announcement that there was collusion in his case has drawn increased attention to the apparent laxity of the state's divorce laws and it would not be surprising if it should result in shutting out residents of other states.

It is believed here generally that if it can be proved that any such arrangements as Mr. Teall alleges were made the case will be thrown out of court.

A SHORT KANSAS STRIKE.

Pittsburg Miners Quit Work Saturday, But Return Today.

Pittsburg, Kan., Dec. 24.—The miners at the Fleming mines of the Western Coal & Mining company quit work Saturday because demands made upon the company had not been granted. The demands were made by a committee last Wednesday and three days were given in which to comply. They wanted the miners to work on Saturday and also the abolition of the compulsory doctor's fee. A meeting was held Friday night by the miners. An agreement on the part of the company has been made, for the mines are running again today. What the agreement is cannot be ascertained. The men are back at work. The company's works at Chillicothe refuse to go to work. Their grievance is with the use of the screen bars and a committee of miners, waiting upon Superintendent Fletcher last Thursday demanded that new ones be put in. He promised to put in new ones. The men have quit work, however. Trouble is expected in other mines.

BROUGHT IN THE CONFESIONAL.

Dr. Brown, High Church Leader Among Episcopalians, Is Dead.

New York, Dec. 24.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas McKee Brown, for twenty-eight years rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. Mary the Virgin, died today of pneumonia. Dr. Brown was a leader in the ritualistic movement in the Episcopal church, his attitude so antagonizing Bishop Potter that for a time the bishop refused to confirm classes in St. Mary the Virgin's church.

Dr. Brown introduced orchestral music and advocated the elevation of the Host. He introduced the surpliced choir and altar candles and installed a confessional. His congregation on his death to cross themselves and kneel when passing the altar and to use holy water. When the new church of St. Mary the Virgin was opened, Bishop Potter was present to dedicate it. The classes from St. Mary's were then confirmed at St. Thomas's and Father Brown's triumph was complete.

DEAD ROBBER AN EX-CONVICT.

Sedalia, Mo., Dec. 24.—Andrew Duffner, a German wine grower of Dallas county, was murdered by robbers August 15. Duffner killed one of the robbers. One of the photographs of the robbers was recently captured by the prosecuting attorney of Dallas county, who says that the dead man is Charles Hubbard, recently released from the penitentiary.

## Number Six's Sister.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XII.  
WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW.  
Wanda rose early. There was not much inducement to do so at this unpleasant season; but the riverside folks were early risers, beginning the day's business at an hour when city people were enjoying their best sleep, and she had fallen into their ways.

So, by seven o'clock, the greasy beef-steak and maddy coffee had been disposed of, and Mr. Dolman, who always conducted divine service in his family in a way peculiarly his own, had informed the Almighty with revolting familiarity where he should extend His blessings that day, and she was ready for the usual routine of duty.

It was not quite light enough to read, and the Dolmans were parsimonious as regarded lamps, so she essayed to amuse herself by watching a crowd of urchins playing in the street. There was not much real daylight yet, but the storm was over, and the deep snow lay white and untroubled on the sidewalks.

Presently she noticed that the children stopped their play and gathered in an excited group, while all their eyes were fixed on the river.

With pardonable curiosity Wanda opened the front door and called to ask them what they saw.

"Oh, teacher, come here! Come, quick!" was the eager demand of the little ones.

"What is it?" she cried, not caring to wet her feet unnecessarily.

"Why, teacher, it's a black horse a-crawlin' over the ice-hills, just as though he was wounded." Johnnie Beggs assured her. Johnnie pronounced it wounded, but Wanda had no heart to correct him. In a minute she was to see the children.

"Where? Where?" she asked, excitedly.

"There! by yonder big iceberg!" Johnnie's ideas of icebergs were as much at fault as his orthography.

Yes, certainly there was something creeping over the snow in the far distance, which in the indistinct light might to Wanda's inexperienced eyes have been a wolf or a dog; but the urchins were right, for as it got nearer, Miss Arlington recognized it as a horse—a black horse, with broken harness trailing in the snow.

By the time the poor thing had reached the shore and stood with head bent low at the foot of the bank—its knees broken and bleeding, its coat covered with frozen frogs of blood, and a great crash visible on its quivering shoulder—James Dolman had joined the group.

"Jerash!" he cried, his pallid face turning even deeper yellow, "of that ain't one of 'Phomse's beshaws!" Wanda turned sick at the thought. She would have fallen—the street seemed to be reeling round her—had she not clung to the arm of a girl standing by, who looked with wonder at the young teacher's emotion.

"Are you sure, Mr. Dolman," she said as soon as her trembling lips could frame the words, "Are you sure that it is one of Mr. Dolman's horses?"

"Sure!" sneered Dolman, "ther ain't another horse o' that breed 't the hull county."

"Like es not, I said how it 'ud be last night, when they would start in the blizzard. 'Phomse' Damiens' wrists is like steel, but he couldn't hold them bashaws of the steel cut 'em."

"But you said last night they would be quite safe, Mr. Dolman. You urged Mr. Arundel to go." Wanda retorted.

"Safe! I said no such thing. But that horse must be helped to shelter, an' you'd better go in the house. Cryin' won't do no good. Besides, how d'ye know they're hurt? Tain't the first time a cutter's been tipped over on that river."

"But it's seven hours since they've left us."

"See 'is. Guess they must 'ot got hurt—like es not they dropped in an air-hole—p'raps there wild bashaws kicked 'em silly on they broke loose."

"Then, for heaven's sake," Wanda cried, "give the alarm and get men to go with you to their rescue! Oh, if I were only a man!" the girl sobbed, crazed at his deliberation.

"Oh, well, go fast enough soon es we've got this poor critter in the stable. The boss is alive, miss—the men may be dead, for all we know," and James Dolman, not to be perverted from his

intention by a girl's tears, climbed down the bank to the side of the quivering horse.

But by this time the news had spread through the village and a little crowd had quickly gathered on the river bank. The men looked grave as they discussed the situation, and Wanda gazed on hope from their sad faces. By

this time the mist was arising from the river, and eager eyes were strained along its northern channel.

"Guess, boys, you'd better get some ropes an' let's go out to the point. Like es not we'll find 'em there, or thereabouts."

Wanda watched the men start, gazed with a kind of dazed interest on Dolman and a few others as they dragged the wounded horse up the bank; and then went back to the house. Oh, how hard it was to be a woman—to do nothing but stay indoors and wring her hands, when her loving friend was in such fearful danger. She had hardly reached her room, when she was told that a man was waiting below to see her. Harry! Ah, it was Harry come at last, she thought—now she would have a strong heart to lean upon—now she—

But it was not Harry. It was only a white-haired man, with face so ghastly in expression that it chilled her blood to look at him.

Where is George Arundel, Miss? What have you done with Master George?

There was a reproachful appeal in the man's manner which struck her to the heart.

"Have you not heard? Do you not know? We fear they were lost on the river last night—he and Mr. Damiens—"

she started back, and one of the horses came back badly hurt.

"Oh-h-h," Bladon groaned.

"They may not even be hurt, if you will only wait till—"

But the old man did not seem to hear her.

"Lured him to his ruin, as the other Wanda did his hapless father."

The poor girl's bosom heaved in deep distress; her lips moved as though she would have uttered a remonstrance, but the depths of the old man's sorrow averted her into silence.

"You might have spared him, miss," he said presently. "You might have left him alone in the care of his old servant—he was blind you know—not much of a conqueror for a bonnie lass like you. It was too bad, too bad."

"Oh, Mr. Bladon," but sobs choked her utterance.

"Then you must have them both at your heels," this dreadful old man continued, "both this gay young Frenchman and Master George. True, my poor lad couldn't see the other's eyes, but you must have them both at your heels, better have took to one instead of wrecking both their lives."

But hark! A shout. It is a man running on the ice, who calls to those ashore to send a hobsheigh with a feathered in it to a place above the point.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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